

a death of fresh air

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Summary

Death comes for George like a dream.

Notes

This is a collection of 6 drabbles, in second person because I kept trying to switch to second person while writing my other fic from George's POV.

I love second person don't @ me

I'll probably post one of these each day for six days.

Blood warning btw

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Your hands. Look at your hands.

There is blood on your hands. It pools in the dips and wrinkles of your skin, redder in the crevasses like a cardinal flying across a burning sunset. On the tips of your fingers, it bleeds into the ridges and whorls of your fingerprints. It smells like copper and salt. Like pennies left in your pocket. It is dripping down your wrist, onto your french cuffs, which you starched just this morning. It is wet. It is warm. It is bright.

It is yours.

Your name is George, and you have just been stabbed.

Chapter 2

How did you get here, George?

How did this happen?

The knife is yours. That, you know for certain. You clutch at the handle. It's strange to grip it backwards, to feel your blood-slick skin slide over the polished nacre. You know the contours of that handle like you know your own body, and now everything is flipped because you are holding it with the blade pointed towards you, and not away.

It is a very nice knife, certainly not one that deserves to be embedded in your stomach.

And you know its handle like you thought you knew Dream.

Chapter 3

Why, George?

You shake your head. You don't know. Your vision is swimming but you want to keep your eyes open. You want to see--

The mask is supposed to be white. *His mask is supposed to be white.*

"Dream," you gasp, stumbling towards him and reaching up to wipe the red off his mask. More red smears after your hand, and you frown. Oh. The blood must have sprayed. That means he hit something important.

You wonder what it could have been, because it certainly wasn't you.

"I'm sorry it had to be this way, George," he says quietly.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

im posting this chapter early cus im depressed about ao3 not moving one of my other dreamnotfound fics up to the top of the listings when i update it which is bad because its supposed to be right next to a different fic in the listings so ive decided to stop updating those until it gets fixed and ughhh everything is just bad right now

His gloves are stained red. Your fault. He reaches up to untie the mask anyway and a lump rises in your throat. You've never seen his face.

"Please," you say, but you don't know what you're asking for. He sets the mask down and unwraps your fingers from the handle of your knife. And then he slides it out.

It hurts much worse than it did going in. And you're not supposed to take the knife out. The blood is flowing quicker.

"I'm sorry." He is solemn, not laughing now. "You lost, George. This is just how the game works."

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

second to last chapter here we go

He smiles suddenly, teeth spreading much farther than they should. His jaw opens, and it's like seeing an owl open its beak for the first time in your life, when you were expecting a tiny adorable mouth but what you get is horrifying due to the surprise.

"You couldn't have won in the first place, George," he says. "You lost the moment you gave me your name."

He touches your chin. The glove is damp with your blood. You feel like your tie is choking you as he leans down towards you. Your traitorous heart pumps you onwards towards death.

Chapter 6

The demon's lips are warm. You know you are dying, but it feels less bad as he holds you by the hair and kisses the life out of you.

You pull back and look up at him, at the inhuman sharpness of his teeth. You are breathless, but trying anyway.

"Let it happen," he says, tucking your hair out of your eyes. It's stupid, but you hate that you're dying with it long. You should've just gotten it cut when you had the chance. "Death is not your enemy, George. You know me. I am your friend, your fondest Dream."

End Notes

comment uwu

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